

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN OF RUMANIA

The Daily Mirror

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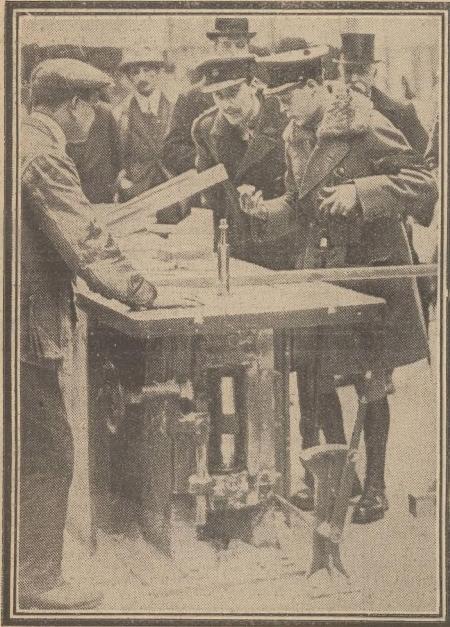
THE PRINCE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

'MY LIFE'S WORK'



Mr. Handley Page acting as guide. The Princes followed his explanations of the different processes with deep interest.

Queen Marie of Rumania, who granted an exclusive interview to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. She told how her mission and part of her life's work was to make the Rumanians a healthy and happy people. The interview appears on page 2.



Examining a piece of welding.



Competitors in the race passing the Prince of Wales (third from right), Prince Albert extreme right.



The Prince of Wales watching the finish at Kenley. Inset Corporal Blewitt (M.G.C.), the first man home.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert yesterday visited Messrs. Handley Page's aeroplane factory at Cricklewood, and evinced deep interest in all the processes of manufac-

ture, and also watched the Army inter-command cross-country championship. The Prince of Wales, as President of the Army Cross-Country Association, presented the prizes.

RAILWAYMEN ACCEPT—MINERS WARNED BY LEADERS

'BIG FOUR' CALL IN FOCH AND WEYGAND.

Peace Treaty Draft in Final Stages.

ANOTHER HUN WHINE.

Marshal Foch, General Weygand and three British Staff officers were in consultation with the "Big Four" yesterday afternoon.

Nothing has been announced as to the nature of the deliberations which called for military advice.

General Sir H. Wilson, General Pershing, and General Diaz also attended.

The four chiefs of State also held their customary morning session, and it was understood that last night the first reading of the text of the Peace Treaty was finished.

The second reading will then be proceeded with article by article.

The deliberations of the "Big Four" are held behind closed doors.

NO SERIOUS ALTERATIONS.

The League Covenant says Reuter's special correspondent has been altered here and there, but not seriously. The interest in the remaining amendments will be divided between Mr. Wilson's Monroe doctrine amendment—if such is moved—and the Japanese on the question of racial equality.

President Wilson has issued a formal statement that the discussions on the League of Nations have not yet reached the slightest degree delayed the final conclusion of peace.

The revised League Covenant is now practically finished, and the conferences of the League Commission have always been held at times which could not interfere with the deliberations on the other problems of peace.—Reuter.

SCHEIDEMANN SQUEALS.

At Vienna Count Brockdorff Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, is in consultation with the Cabinet on questions in connection with the peace negotiations.

Meanwhile Scheidemann, the Premier, has been squealing again. He talks of unprecedented sums being demanded, of the seizure by the Allies of large stretches of purely German territory, and of crushing financial and military demands.

"A cry of deepest despair, an appeal to the conscience of humanity is going up throughout Germany." She has learned nothing from Brest-Litovsk."

There will soon be telephonic communication between Paris and Berlin.—Wireless Press.

LOVE EPISODE OF 'CÆSAR'S WIFE' AT ROYALTY.

New Play Should Prove To Be Another Maugham Success.

Imagine a British Pro-Consul (somewhat of the strong, silent man type and middle-aged) married to a beautiful young wife. Imagine that the scene is Egypt with a tasteful background. Imagine that the Pro-Consul (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith) has a very attractive young man as his secretary (Mr. George Ralph).

Now, the beautiful young wife (Miss Fay Compton) and the secretary are much together.

Suddenly the Pro-Consul learns that his secretary has been ordered from Egypt to Paris.

In the shock of this announcement the wife of the Pro-Consul—or is it Cæsar?—discovers that she loves the man who is going out of her life.

But he is going utterly away and, touched by the emotions that inspire eternal farewells, she confesses her love. The two kiss and say goodbye.

Then it is learned that at the last moment the Pro-Consul has appointed his wife's confessor to be the Khefived's secretary.

So there will be no parting, and to the two young people, who have confessed to loving each other will remain in each other's society.

That is the problem set by Mr. W. Somerseth Maugham at the Royal Theatre last night. It is coincided very deftly and told very sweetly.

Miss Fay Compton gave a wonderful performance as the wife—a performance marking a still further advance in her art.

Mr. C. Aubrey Smith made a perfect picture of the husband.

"Cæsar's Wife" should be another Maugham success.

THE LORDS INSIST.

The Lords have decided in the Rents Bill to insist on an amendment providing that if the rateable value of a house exceed the standard rent the rateable value should be deemed the standard rent, and to insist on the amendment extending the scope of the Act to the letting of unfurnished rooms.

War Against Hungary Begun?—2 Rumanian Armies Advancing—The Frontier Crossed.

AN ALLIED MISSION—GENERAL MANGIN'S POST

The Labour Crisis.—The railwaymen have accepted the Government's offer. The miners' leaders urge the men to do the same, pointing out that a false step might wreck their organisation. There were over 100,000 miners out on unofficial strikes yesterday.

A New War?—French newspapers state that General Mangin, Commander of the French Armies occupying Mayence, is to be charged with a special mission to deal with the situation in Hungary. Rumanians are said to have crossed into East Galicia and Hungary.

"ALLIES MUST RID EUROPE OF RED LEPROSY."

M. Pichon: "Bar the Way to Bolshevism."

The Rumanians have begun an advance into Hungary. In the Commons yesterday Mr. Cecil Harmsworth said that the Rumanian Army had crossed to the north of the River Maros (which flows through Transylvania) into Hungary.

Romanian forces to the strength of two army corps (says Reuter's Berlin correspondent) have crossed the East Galician frontier and are advancing.

This news, which is from Stanislaw, is telegraphed from Cracow to the *National Zeitung*. It should be noted that the Rumanian report, which gives no indication is given of the possible objective of a Rumanian advance. It is certain that the Rumanians would not move except with the full concurrence of the Allies.

General Mangin, according to the *Gaulois*, is about to give a very important post in the East, presumably in the Balkans, with a view to possible operations both on the Hungarian frontier and in the south-west of Russia.

So far as the immediate situation in Hungary is concerned, *The Daily Mirror* learns that there has been no military development, and that at the moment there is no cause for anxiety.

It is confirmed that all the Allied missions at Budapest, except the French, have been released. The French Government is taking firm steps.

GALICIA JOINS BOLSHEVISTS.

According to a Vienna report, Trotsky has telegraphed stating that the whole of Galicia has entered the revolutionary movement. The revolution was commenced in the oil districts near Drohobycz, where a Soviet Government was established. Troops sent out by the Polish Government joined the movement.

Budapest telegrams state that Count Karolyi, a monarchical leader, has been arrested. It is supposed that he is not the President Count Karolyi, but a younger brother.—Exchange.

D'ESPEREY AT ODESSA.

Bolshevist Advance Continues Now Forty Miles from City.

General Franchet d'Esperey has gone to Odessa in order to meet any eventualities that may arise.

It is learned that the situation there has improved, and that although the Bolsheviks are still advancing on the city, and according to the latest reports are forty miles distant, it is thought probable that General Anselme, the Allied commander, will be able to defend the city successfully.

Crosses Forbidden.—Lenin has issued a decree forbidding religious ceremonies at funerals and the erection of crosses on graves.—Wireless Press.

Lenin as the Anti-Christ.—The Petrograd Truth (sic) announces that the inhabitants of the Solvitychegodsk district (in the north of the Volgograd province) think that the era of anti-Christ is approaching and say that Lenin and Max (Karl) Marx, the anti-Christians, have come to Russia to seduce people and to prepare a General War.

For North Russia.—The Admiralty announces that boms A.B.s motor mechanics, firemen and crews (including officers) for six motor launches are required for service in North Russia.

WAR ON "RED" LEPROSY.

Way Must Be Barred to Bolshevism, Declares M. Pichon.

Bolshevism is a plague, not only for Russia but for humanity.

Bolshevism is not a Government; it is the organisation of anarchy by terror."

So declared the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Pichon, in the course of an impor-

UNOFFICIAL STRIKE OF 100,000 MINERS.

Miners' Leaders Urge Men to Accept Settlement.

RAILWAY PEACE.

How Mr. Thomas Won Fight of His Life.

Though the railway crisis is over, the unofficial strike of miners is spreading in South Wales, the Midlands and Yorkshire. Over 100,000 miners are out.

After seven and a half hours' discussion at Uthby House yesterday the railwaymen decided by a majority to accept the settlement, subject to satisfaction on outstanding points. The strike resolution was rescinded.

For hours the advanced elements opposed a settlement, and the conference decision was a triumph for Mr. Thomas.

The Miners' Federation Executive, in an appeal to the miners, say:—

"The choice is between definite and systematic progress and the dangers of social disorder."

"A false step now might not only wreck our federation, but would also spoil our chances of making any further progress through the medium of the Coal Commission."

"We strongly urge the men to continue working until otherwise instructed, and to accept the terms already offered by the Government, leaving it to the justice of our claims and the power of our organisation to accomplish in the future that which we have in view."

WHERE MADNESS LIES.

Danger of Any Sectional or Spasmodic Strikes.

When at last Mr. Thomas had won his point he left the chamber with a smile of triumph. After holding *The Daily Mirror* he said: "I am satisfied. The mine owners will find us acceptances or let us know to-morrow night." That I am satisfied with the decision it is hardly necessary to say.

"The public have very little notion how near the whole thing has been. All I can say is that I hope the railwaymen will accept the decision of their own elected delegates, and recognise that it would be sheer madness for them by any sectional or spasmodic strike to try to alter the position."

"The decision has been arrived at in a democratic way, and whilst it has been a strenuous and indeed a dangerous time, no one is more thankful of the end than myself."

MINERS' STRIKE SPREADS.

Situation in Wales Worse—Five English Counties Affected.

A disquieting feature of the Labour situation yesterday was the extension of the unauthorised strike of miners in South Wales. Whereas 23,000 men were on strike on Wednesday, yesterday the number had grown to over 100,000.

Isolated strikes were also reported from other parts of the country:—

Yorkshire (Pontefract), 1,500 out. Derbyshire (Chesterfield), 8,800 out at six pits. Staffordshire, 2,000. Warwickshire, 8,000. Sheffield area, 20,000. Northants, 21,100 are in favour of remaining on strike, and 15,250 are in favour of resumption.

According to some reports it is expected that the unofficial strikes will not be of long duration.

The miners are striking with the object of obtaining their full demands, despite the fact that the Miners' Federation have decided, subject to a ballot, to accept the Government's offer.

Rhonda teachers' strike has been settled.

COMMONS AND PAPER.

Sir Auckland Geddes, answering criticisms about imports in the Commons last night, said the decision to remove restrictions on paper was taken to let industries depending on paper get under way.

What had been done constituted the greatest public advantage. To abandon all restrictions would bring in what we did not want.

The pledge would be fulfilled to protect key industries and wage-earners against dumping.

DE VALERA IN DUBLIN.

De Valera paid a formal and brief visit to the Lord Mayor of Dublin yesterday. No demonstration took place.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1919.

THE ONLY WAY MONEY CAN BE GOT.

MOST of the good advice that is now being showered on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in view of the coming Budget, seems to repose on the fallacy that he has only to put out his hand to find and to take various vast sources of untapped wealth still lurking in the country.

The truth is that the wealth needed to make up this new huge Budget has ultimately to be created. It cannot just be seized. And that is because, mainly, it doesn't exist. It has been spent, blown away, used up in shells and bombs.

All these hopes of a vast revenue, to be obtained by seizing all profits over a certain percentage, or by "lifting" the fictitious enhanced value of post-war property, or by levying a sudden toll upon vanished incomes are certain to produce nothing economically sound. There is no real wealth behind most of these apparent increments. The real wealth can only be produced over a term of years, and (very briefly let us put it) in two ways.

(1) By peace.

By peace, a just peace, abroad. By peace with understanding at home. By no war abroad, on the plea of making the world go the way we want it to go. By no war at home, on the plea of striking haphazard all over the place, in order to force our views of social and industrial reform on the community.

This peace we mean will be the only way to reduce prices.

And to reduce prices will be the only way to raise incomes. Paying higher wages won't raise incomes. Prices follow wages in a circle. But if we get prices down, say even to 30 per cent. above the 1914 level, we shall help to establish peace at home; then productivity; thus communal wealth.

That is the first way.

(2) The other way is, for Government and people, to save.

Governments to set the example. People to follow. Avoid departmental orgies. Get rid of the parasite departments (Press Bureau and the rest) without delay. Restore the army of non-producers to fruitful work. And, meanwhile, keep up the saving crusade amongst the people. Turn our War Savings Committees into Peace Savings Committees.

By no other means in the end can the National Finance be fitted to bear the burden of the biggest war the nation has ever fought and won.

"PEACE WITH LABOUR."

THE crisis of this week may be on the way to settlement by the time these lines appear . . . Settlement this week—perhaps.

But next week and next time? How to get permanent peace at home?

To that, the coming Industrial Conference will address itself. For the moment, let us only say that the recommendations of the Joint Committee published yesterday, and to be put before the Conference, as a sort of basis for argument and action, can only be preliminaries to a much more radical solution of the whole industrial problem.

Trade Boards we have had. Whitley Councils we are getting. These further suggestions point only to a further series of little Councils, Parliaments, and Boards—in other words, to new machinery for knocking the heads of Labour and Capital together.

Sparks may emerge from this contact. But they must be sparks of generous inspiration for deep solutions on communal lines. The mere knocking together of heads will not do if we are to get beyond Labour and Capital, that old opposition, that old irreconcileable division.

MANAGING MANNERS IN THE NEW WOMAN

DO MEN LIKE GIRLS WHO TRY TO "BOSS" THEM?

By JOAN KENNEDY.

JIMMY happens to be one of those warriors who left home in the early days of the war and never knew leave.

In consequence his impressions of home are worth recording. He sees all at once what we have been growing accustomed to gradually.

Especially does he see our women with new eyes.

Jimmy is a gallant lad, in spite of long, lean years of trial. But even Jimmy grumbles.

His latest grumble is about the "managing manners" of the womankind of 1919. To dear Jimmy one would imagine that woman had done nothing but conjugate the verb "to boss" for the last four years.

He declares that most women have grown

a firm and unfeminine form of kindness. "The best thing to do," she begins, and I know it will be no good saying anything. What I say will be heard tolerantly—and ignored. "You aren't practical," she had the cheek to say to me the other day, "you've no business experience." I was to conclude that she is a business woman.

But is that any reason why I shouldn't know what theatre I want to go to?

Because Anna is a business woman, must I not be allowed to frequent my favourite Soho restaurant? Business evidently doesn't even yet mean logic—in women!

MUCH TOO COMPETENT!

It is the result of her war work in a certain Ministry where she superintended a crowd of girl clerks, had messengers to run to her at the tinkle of her bell, and generally reigned as a small queen in our own right?

Women certainly have had a lot of "bossing" to do during the war years, from the nurse who reigned as martinet in her ward and made weakened warriors obey the movement of her finger to the conductress who

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.



Why he cannot get any work done, while he is told there are a million out of work.
(By W. K. Haselden.)

so used to controlling something in the way of war work that they cannot help themselves. They have acquired "managing manners," and Jimmy is spending his days looking for a girl with "nerves," who cannot say "Boo!" to a goose, and who can still blush and appear, as he terms it, adorably feminine.

But is he right? Have women of 1919 these "managing manners"?

I have been looking round, studying bus conductresses and lady bobbies, manageresses of this and superintendents of that. And I have almost come to agree with Jimmy.

Women have taken up rather a domineering attitude. They exude competence and self-reliance, and a good many do seem to want to "boss" other people.

There's Anna, who used to be rather wavering about making up her own mind. "We'll do this, or we'll do that," is her way of expressing herself nowadays, and she almost forgets to ask if I agree. In fact, Anna bosses me into going to the play she wants to see, dining at the restaurant she favours, and gets her own way about most things when we are together.

It is all meant kindly, of course. But it is

"passed us along" or kept us standing in the rain when her bus was full.

Girls have controlled so many things, from motors to pigs, and there's little doubt but that a good many have acquired "managing manners."

Jimmy has only one thing to say about it all. He emphatically declares that he won't marry a "bossy" girl.

I don't think he will.

But also I don't by any means admit that Jimmy won't end by being "bossed."

It will be done another way—the old way—the ancient feminine way. It will be done by kindness.

My good gallant friend will be persuaded, not coerced. He will not be ordered directly.

He will be prompted gently. I can see him yielding without knowing. It is only the direct order that he dreads.

And it is the manner with which the order is given.

At present this manner is highly "technical" and dreadfully competent.

It frightens men. It must come to be again in peace what it was before the war. A little less ordering about, please!

BUDGET WEEKS.

HOW CAN WE RAISE THE HUGE REVENUE WE NEED?

A TAX OR A WIFE?

I QUITE endorse the remarks of "Happy Bachelor" that marriage to the poor average clerk is a very impractical idea.

It is a well-known fact that the down-trodden clerk with the present rate of wages is not in a position to marry, and I trust if ever bachelors do happen to be taxed that the poor-paid clerk will be made an exception to the rule.

Newcastle. A "POOR CLERK."

A SMALL PROPOSITION.

STILL another suggestion for raising revenue. Why not compel all owners of bicycles and tricycles to obtain licences and renew them every year at the cost of a few shillings? I would like to see a distinction where the bicycles are used for business purposes.

Each bicycle or tricycle would display a small metal plate at the back of it with a number on. This might do much to prevent robberies. In the case of accidents, the rider would have to produce his licence and the police-constable might then get the right name of the person.

B. E.

RISING RATES.

WITH regard to new sources of revenue, and less needless expenditure, may I draw attention to the recklessness of local authorities, which has been for many years increasing to an extent that it may bring about through any business enterprise to bankruptcy?

When my father had the house built in which I was born the rates were 3s. in the £.

Within my recollection they were 4s.

Now they are 8s. 9d.; and this has been near the figure for years before the war.

Compulsory reduction of expenditure of other people's money by local authorities should be insisted on by the Government.

C. S.

PEACE DAY.

AS your correspondent "Silver Badge" remarks (and I myself, being a discharged soldier, can fully agree), the best way of celebrating the signing of peace is in thankfulness that all the terrible slaughter of our splendid lads is now over, and to pay our silent tributes to the splendid dust of those who have fallen in defence of our beloved country.

Had some of these munition workers and Army doctors seen some of our splendid lads dying and falling for them, they would feel like offering prayers instead of lighting bonfires, etc., on "Peace Day."

Swindon. ANOTHER OVERSEAS SOLDIER.

REFORM OF AFTERNOON TEA.

MY sympathies are entirely with Mr. James Clifford. Perhaps he may like to know how I treat my guests when they come to tea.

In the first place, I always take care that there are plenty of real, solid, big easy chairs for them.

Then, the instant they sit down I say, "Please smoke, won't you?"

When tea appears, I remark smilingly, "I am going to treat you in an unconventional way, and give you tea in a sensible cup," and I hand them a large coffee-cup.

By this time the visitors are quite at their ease.

A MODERN OLD MAID.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS.

IT is clear that "Futurity" does not yet understand the relation of the "conscious" and the "subconscious"—and the fact that the control by the conscious over the sub-conscious is the vital problem of life.

This control established, the dreams are also controlled—as was the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, who dreamed what he willed to dream.

BARTON SCAMMELL.

A CHILD'S CINEMA?

THERE is a real need for cinema exhibitions for children on one or two afternoons during the week.

I should much like to see all the well-known fairy tales depicted, and in addition stories like "Peter Pan" by J. M. Barrie; "The Magic Jabubus," by Theodore W. Wilson; "The Children of the New Forest," by Captain Marryat; "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll; "The Young Pretenders," by Edith Henrietta Fowler; "The Cuckoo Clock," by Mrs. Molesworth, etc., etc.

I feel sure that such entertainments would give as much pleasure to grown-ups as to those for whom they would be specially intended.

E. TINDALL HARRIS.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—Early potatoes that have not been sprouted can now be planted during a dry spell of weather. Sprouted tubers, since their shoots will soon appear above the ground, should not be set out for a week or two, unless the growths can be protected from the frost in some way.

Keep sowing peas at intervals so as to obtain a succession. Let the rows be a fair distance apart, in order to give room to grow lettuces, radishes, etc., between the rows.

Sow onions in drills that run 1ft. apart, and plant out onion sets and plants raised in the autumn. Remember that the ground for this vegetable can scarcely be too rich. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—Milton.

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WHY WE TAKE OUR HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

THE INADEQUACY OF OUR COUNTRY HOTELS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

At this time, when people are planning the first peace holidays, this article discusses the lack of accommodation in our countryside.

In the years before the war people were heard to complain that although the British countryside is of rarest beauty and charm our holiday-makers would insist upon going in their thousands to foreign countries.

As one who knows the greater part of Europe fairly well I ask for nothing better than an English holiday, but the fact remains that the pre-war travellers had much to justify them.

They had value for their money.

In rural England this is hard to come by. Country hotels are of three kinds. The first is palatial. It has a very large dining room with a severe head waiter and head waitress, and a large staff that tends to be haughty.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner are table-d'hôte meals, the menus are not frequently written in what is supposed to be French, though it does not need a very critical eye to detect several mis-spellings on every card. Portions are infinitesimal, and the cookery is second-rate.

Worse than the food is the wine, worse than the wine, the coffee. Prices are as staggering as the pretentiousness that envelops the whole establishment.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

The second kind of country hotel is lower in price and does not maltreat the French language, the cooking is eminently primitive and, frankly, bad, and in the matter of charges the stray visitor is deemed fair prey.

Third on the list comes the little, unpretentious place very often a temperance house, that caters for the commercial traveller. He is always on the road and he demands good food at reasonable prices. On his account the small house not only exists but thrives.

Food is of the simplest, but it is decently cooked, it is ample and the price charged bears some relation to the value given. Visitors are sociable, and do not talk as though they were the salt of the earth when they condescend to utter commonplaces.

Outside the country towns we come to the wayside inns, and they are perhaps the most backward in Europe.

The retired policeman, coachman, gamekeeper, or small tradesman takes these places, not to entertain his fellow men at a fair price but to sell beer.

Ask for a meal when you reach one of these places, perhaps a picturesque inn set amid lovely surroundings, a feast to the eye. There follows a colloquy between the master and his better half. You are lucky indeed if as a result of it bread and butter, cheese and ale are forthcoming.

Naturally, there are exceptions to this general rule. I know of one or two in half a dozen counties, but lack of decent accommodation, simple food and pleasant welcome must be noted as the rule. How different from the old-time England we read about.

ENTERPRISE WANTED.

So the motorist checks his car on the highway and eats the lunch he has brought with him; the cyclist sits on the stile and does the same; the pedestrian carries a meal in his pack.

The innkeeper will tell you he can't be bothered, or that his wife can't cook, or that trade is too uncertain. So the traveller passes on unrefreshed and the man who should have catered for his simple wants wonders why the living he earns is so scanty.

If he could see how Continental brethren contrive to keep busy and draw good custom through the medium of what every well-pleased traveller says to his friends, he might depart from the error of his ways.

There was some excuse for the innkeeper during the war although his indifference to the possibilities of his house is of longer standing; but in the years before us, with food growing more plentiful and the area of leisure extending, he ought to make some effort to respond to his chances.

The Saturday half-holiday, the Sunday in the open-air are likely to be more firmly established than ever. The summer-time hours make a grant of daylight to those who seek exercise when the day's work is done.

Why should not the chance traveller know that he can find a fair meal and welcome wherever he may happen to stray?

While the English countryside refuses definitely to be hospitable, can we wonder if the urban dweller travels to suspect it and to plan his holidays abroad?

S. L. B.

LACE MAKING FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.

ONE USEFUL WAY OF REVIVING A BEAUTIFUL INDUSTRY.

By HOWEL EVANS.

FROM time to time there have been attempts to revive the industry of hand-made lace in this country.

I can remember so well, as a boy, seeing the cottage women sitting at their doors in the summer with their large pillows on a stool. The bobbins flying in and out of the pins at a miraculous speed fascinated my young eyes.

I went down that village street a few months ago and asked if there were any lace-makers. Not one. The industry seemed to have died out altogether.

Of course, pillow lace is still made in Northamptonshire, which at one time was famed for its product. Valiant efforts have been made to bring it into the vogue of the market, but I don't believe there is very much of it to be bought.

It is certainly a long and, perhaps, tedious occupation to work at for a living.

A woman could not make a living on the proceeds of her pillow work, and nowadays I suppose the few shillings from the sale of the lace, which were such a great consideration to the agricultural labourer's household trying to live on 12s. or 15s. a week, are not such a matter of dire necessity.

There was money to be made out of lace, but never by the worker. It was the middle-man who reaped the rewards.

I remember well in my county an astute working man who took to dealing in lace, and within a comparatively short time had amassed a small fortune.

Working people even in the country are shrewder now than they were, and they are not going to turn out profits for other people, themselves receiving only scanty pay.

So, I do not think hand-made lace could ever be ranked as a very good pecuniary proposition. But I do think it could be made useful and productive to disabled or partially disabled soldiers, who are unfitted to undertake more than the slightest physical work of any kind.

There are some men for whom the occupation would be the very thing. It would be something to do. It would be productive too.

A disabled man would feel that he was doing work of some kind, that he was going to get paid for it too, and his mind would be easier, healthier.

And it certainly is a fascinating occupation. I know of a woman, bed-ridden, who has taken up lace work. She is making beautiful lace and actually inventing new patterns.

There is another point in favour of lace making for disabled men—it would not sweat anybody. That is always the difficulty with work that is not too well paid.

Just a few hours' work a week—possibly all that he could do—would be to many a man something to look forward to, something to interest him.

Would men think it effeminate? I don't think so. Sailors knit and make clothes, and they are not thought effeminate. H. E.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

SHALL WE EVER FORGET TO "TALK IN MILLIONS."

By OUR LABOUR CORRESPONDENT

In this article the need to "get back" to homely talk and thought is emphasised.

ONE result of the war is the unfortunate habit affecting all classes of the community of talking in millions. People are muttering and mumbling—I will not say thinking—in millions, and the result is utter confusion of thought.

To the working or middle-class man or woman a million pounds means nothing more than an extravagant expression of vastness—something without limit—and nothing is more unwholesome economically than for a wage-earner in receipt of four or five pounds a week to attempt to regulate his weekly budget with the word "million" hammering in his brain.

To the worker you may say: "This increase you ask for will cost the country £20,000,000 a year more."

And the worker is actually not a scrap the wiser. That quaint colloquialism "ump teen" means just as much to him.

Big propositions such as those facing the country at the present time can and must be expressed in simple, homely terms, for assuredly labour unrest will not be cured until the workers understand the facts governing that unrest.

At present only those who lead united labour understand. That is not sufficient.

THE HARD UP STATE.

Every man knows the meaning of the expression "hard up."

When he finds himself "hard up," what does he do?

He does one of two things. He either cuts down his expenses or he earns more money.

If his expenses are already at the lowest figure possible he must adopt the alternative to save himself from disaster—which in private life means losing his house or his furniture, or whatever else he possesses.

To earn more money he must either do more work or sell that work which he does already at a higher figure.

There is no other way.

But in trying to fix a higher figure for his work he must be careful not to raise the price so high that he will drive away custom.

That is essential.

Now, the State has been spending on the war more money than it could afford. The result is that the State is "hard up."

The State—like the individual above quoted—being "hard up" must earn more money, i.e., either do more work or sell the work it already does at a higher price. Or it must cut down its outgoings.

To earn more money it must work harder at producing, firstly, goods to sell abroad and secondly, food and goods to consume at home.

The latter is a means of cutting down expenses, because if we grow our own food and make our own goods we do not have to spend money abroad buying them, and the money therefore remains in this country.

TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

The former is a means of increasing our wealth—earning more—because when we manufacture goods and sell them abroad we get in exchange more wealth, which comes into the country and is added to our store.

It must be remembered that trade between individuals in this country does not help the State in the same way.

A is a butcher and B a baker. If A sells meat to B, A takes B's money. A, however, buys bread from B and back goes the money to B.

Things are flourishing for A and B, but the State, apart from taxing them both, has "no look in" on their trade.

Such methods do not help the country to recover from its present financial position.

But supposing A and B are manufacturing motor-ploughs for export to South America, then they are selling their labour to a foreign country, which sends its money back to this country in exchange.

The wealth of the State benefits accordingly.

Proliferating and some mismanagement of the country's affairs have made the worker angry—justifiably so.

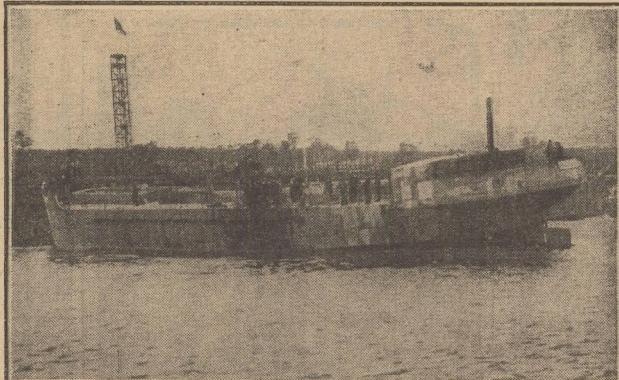
But he knows that "two blacks do not make a white."

Tell him always the truth—in language we can all understand.

Then he will not make demands that are against the interest of his country.

Above all, let us think in pounds, shillings and pence and forget the millions. They will take care of themselves.

A. B.



NO MORE CONCRETE SHIPS.—Thus said the Government after the first ferro-concrete barge broke her back after being launched. She became a total wreck.

WOMAN'S IGNORANCE OF BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

SCHOOLS NEEDED TO TEACH ELEMENTARY FINANCE.

By MARY BINSTEAD.

WITH the coming of a world war British women, putting their shoulders to the wheel, set about taking their country very seriously. In return a grateful England took its womanhood so seriously that for the first time in its history a share in its government has been accorded them.

From whom much is given much is invariably required, and if womanhood in future are to share in legislation they should, for their own as well as their country's sake, know more about its inner workings, economic and financial.

It is a fact that thousands of women to-day in possession of a vote know nothing whatever about business or finance.

A friend, the well-to-do mother of four children, laughed in my face the other day when I mentioned something about "writing a cheque."

"I shouldn't know how to do it," said she. "I know nothing about business. I haven't got a cheque book. My husband sees to all money matters."

I didn't say what I thought—namely, that husbands sometimes die, and that I have known cases of wives having to learn, amid tears and tribulation, the elementary business which was neglected in happier days.

The example I have just quoted represents a large class of women who neither know nor desire to know the simplest matters pertaining to £. s. d.

These people are the easy prey of the com-

pany promoter. Not for them is the peaceful security of three or four or even War Loan five per cent. stock. For most women are keen bargain-hunters, only with this difference.

While when setting forth for the sales wheel, nine out of a hundred have a keen knowledge and perception of the quality and value of silks and satins, only one out of ninety-nine embarking upon financial bargaining-hunting, commonly known as speculation, displays the slightest knowledge of stocks and shares.

I have in my mind a case amusing, if a little pathetic. A woman I know, the fortunate possessor of a couple of hundred pounds, made the triumphant announcement the other day that she intended to put it into a rubber company paying 35 per cent.

There was a business man present who shattered her dreams of wealth by explaining that, at present prices, her money placed in that company would bring in little over 6 per cent., and that the lucky recipients of 35 per cent. were the original shareholders.

"Don't you suppose," exclaimed that business man crustily, "that it money were to be made as easily as all that we shouldn't all take advantage of it?"

And when she retired, greatly chastened, he continued: "Why can't women be taught something of the A B C of money matters? Are there no classes for elementary business and finance? If not, there ought to be."

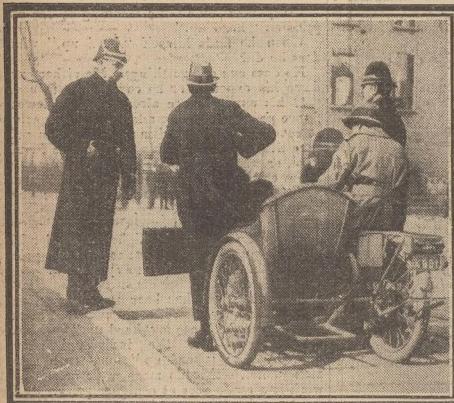
There are thousands more women than men in this country to-day, and most of them will have to fend for themselves. For goodness' sake let them be taught and taught quickly how to make and how to keep money as well as how to spend it.

M. B.

ON LOOK OUT FOR CONTRABAND.



Motor "held up" at the spot where Do Valera was to have been welcomed.



A motor-cyclist questioned. All was in order.

All cars entering Dublin were stopped at the various gates of the city and searched to see if they contained any arms. The drivers had to satisfy the police before they were allowed to proceed on their journey. Motors would be useful for smuggling.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



NURSES AS BRIDESMAIDS.—A pretty wedding took place at Coventry, when Nurse Ena Schulte was married to Lieutenant S. F. Temple (New Zealand Force). Nurses acted as bridesmaids.

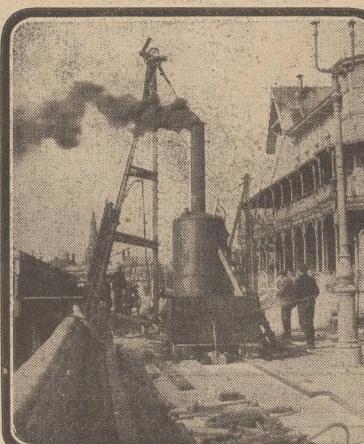
PORTRAITS OF INTEREST.



Mr. W. Whitage (Bradford) awarded the gold medal open to members of Yorkshire's Magicians' Society for the most original show.



Mr. E. T. MacDonald, Yarmouth postmaster, who has retired. "Never worried or bullied his staff" is the tribute paid to him.



PREPARING FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—A steam hammer driving piles on Lowestoft Pier. The East Coast resorts are hoping for a bumper season.



A "REFRESHER" COURSE.—Instructor giving a demobilised sergeant a lesson in driving with the aid of a dummy tram. The men have to get their hands in before resuming their old positions.

AIR BRUSHES FOR A



During April and May the R.A.F. will hold an exhibition of enlarged prints of the Services during the war. The photograph shows how exp



Captain Wallis Halford, R.A.F., whose Distinguished Flying Cross has just been gazetted. He won the decoration for great gallantry.



NEARLY FOUR YEARS IN PRISON.—Raf for forty-six months (seated in the d the murder



HONEYMOON AEROPLANE.—The latest aeroplane, which has a comfortable cabin. Ralph Thompson and his bride, Mi

STEP LADDERS PLACED?



sights of some skyscraper overlooking Trafalgar-square and the Ad-
on the floor of the studio where the wonderful enlarged photo-
and the experts are seen treating one of the huge pictures with
day at the Grafton Galleries.



INVESTED BY KING.—Captain E. V. King, King's African Rifles, decorated with M.C. He was in the war from the first day.

in, who has already been in prison Paris, where he is charged with harmes are behind him.



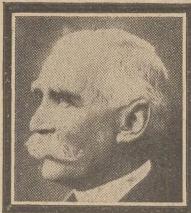
can novelty is the honeymoon of the happy pair. Here Lieutenant Bryce, are seen about to start.



Brother and sister, Lord Colne and Lady Catherine Fitzmaurice.

M.C. WEDS.—Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. James, M.C., Hussars and R.A.F., was married yesterday to Bridget, daughter of the late Mr. Murray Guthrie, M.P.

IN THE NEWS TO-DAY.



Mr. H. Eliot Walton, known as "the racing lad's best friend." He founded much-appreciated recreation rooms for them at Newmarket.



Mine. Theodore Pilette, awarded the Croix de Guerre with silver star and a Belgian order for her nursing services in Flanders since 1914.

GAS ATTACK ON RODENT FRONT.



The attack. Pumping gas from a cylinder into one of the "dug-outs."



ONE FARTHING DAMAGES.—Lieutenant William Mark, defendant in a breach of promise case, with his sister outside the Law Courts yesterday. Inset—plaintiff, Miss Dora Winter, awarded one farthing damages. (See news pages.)



No prisoners. Finishing off those who escape.

Successful experiments have been carried out by Captain Eden Richardson, who destroys rats with the same poison gas as was used in the war. Most of the vermin are killed underground, but those who escape into the open air are dazed by the fumes and are easily dealt with.



Lady Constance Leslie, the bride's grandmother, at the wedding. She is eighty-three years of age.



Bride and bridegroom. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Children of Light

THE politics of the "Daily Herald" is Labour. But it will be more than a great Labour Daily.

Its promoters think that they are Children of Light, but they are also wise in their generation; and the "Daily Herald" will therefore be not only a first-class Labour newspaper, but a first-class newspaper of any sort.

It will give all the news of the movement; it will give all the news of the world.

The Labour Party is out to create a new life in England, which will not stop at altering the wages people earn and the houses in which they live, but will radically alter the conditions of art, sport and amusement so that they will no longer be a veneer upon the dirty walls of life, but grow out of its health and well-being.

The Labour Party has its own point of view towards all these interests, and they will have their place day by day in the "Daily Herald."

Listen, Newsagents! Everybody who is interested in the Labour movement, whether because he loves it or hates it, must read the "Daily Herald." Afterwards they will read it because they like it.

OUT NEXT MONDAY · PRICE ONE PENNY

EDITED BY GEORGE LANSBURY



The DAILY HERALD

REMIND YOUR NEWSAGENT ABOUT YOUR COPY

C.W.N.

PERSONAL.

ENID.—Write Dada or Sibyl; very important.—Address "Daily Mirror" Office, 23, Bouvier-st, London, E.C. 4.

OFFICERS' Second-hand Uniform, Muru, Jewellery, Boots Trunks, Underwear, Everything. World's largest second hand dealers' wholesale, retail, buying, selling. Outstanding—the best-known in the office of second-hand trade—Goldman's Uniformaries, Devonport.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electric shaver. Price 10s. Postage 1d. 22 Temple-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs, 3s. 6d. each; 5 for 10s.; edging one inch deep, corners turned.—Mrs Armstrong, lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.

MISSING SOLDIERS.

1st ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT.—Pte. T. Thomas (Signaller), A Coy., 35419, missing Hinges, April 15, 1918. Information to his parents, College-road, Aston Clinton, Tring, Herts.

109th BATTALION.—WILLIAM MAISTER SARGINSON, 21st M.G. Battalion, missing March 21-24, 1918. Any information will be gratefully received by Mrs. Sarginson, 11, Fern Park, Lancashire.

MISSING since August 25, 1918.—A. B. W. H. Willis, R. 2800, Anson Battalion, C Coy, 11th Platoon, B.E.F., France. Please write parents—W. W. Willis, Tattenhall House, Borehamwood, Herts.

PTM.—RAYMOND HUMBERTON, 32274, 1st East Lancashire, "D" Coy, reported killed Oct. 4, 1917. Mrs. Ypres, acting stretcher bearer.—News gratefully received by his mother, 10, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1.

MISSING since March 21, 1918.—Pte. S. Nichols, 41154, 1st North Staffs. Anyone knowing anything of the above-named person, will kindly communicate to Mr. J. B. Nichols at The Cottage, Hatherton, near Cannock, Staffs.

ANY information regarding 2nd Lt. W. P. Garner, of the 18th Welsh Regt., reported missing on April 9, 1918, at Flanders, Belgium, Amiens, would be gratefully received by his wife, Mrs. V. P. Garner, Boot Hotel, Earl's Barton, Northants.

FIRST Battalion Essex Regiment, Infantry Hill, Monchy-le-Preux, Somme, April 1918. If anyone can give definite information as to Captain (then Lieutenant) C. E. Brown, M.C., will please write to Mr. C. F. Brown, 120, St. John's Street, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

2nd Lt. JAMES MANDEVILLE PEARCE, 1st Battalion, 2nd Battalion, A Coy, 2nd Platoon, 36206, missing April 21, 1918 (St. Quentin). Any information from B.C. or stretcher-bearer, or comrade, most gratefully received by Mr. Mandeville Pearce, 2nd Lt., 1st Battalion, Chesham, S.W.

MISSING, 2nd Lt. Leslie Campbell Story, age 19, 209 1/2, about 5 ft. 6 in., fair, and still full. Last seen despatched in different parts of the Army, not well over the lines to Camel machine B 6369. May have been captured. Any information will be appreciated by James Campbell Story, 4, Eastgate Village, Wimborne, Dorset.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

SALE MORE THAN DOUBLE THAT OF
ANY OTHER SUNDAY PICTURE PAPER

Growing All the Time

DURING the War, the Clarnico Lily Girl has been growing all the time. Here she is, older by nearly five years than when you last saw her.

The Lily Girl has been engaged on War Work, but is now once more beginning to make Chocolate Lily Caramels, the best chocolate sweetmeat ever devised.

While the Lily Girl has been growing older in war-enforced seclusion, the popularity of Clarnico Confectionery has been growing larger. So it will be some time yet before there will be enough to go round.

But look out for the Clarnico Lily Girl, the Ambassador of

CLARNICO CHOCOLATE LILY CARAMELS

Made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd, London.



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FRUIT Tree Collection—2 Apples (Eating and Cooking), 11 Pears, 2 Gooseberries, 4 Currants, 12 Raspberry Canes, Loganberries, 10 Blackberries, 5s. 9d.-G. F. Letts, Fruit Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

VERY Special—Just delivered from the printers—A Selection of Seeds—Send for our Catalogue—Large and enormous reductions; send for one at once; post free—G. F. Letts, Seed Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

SIMMITH'S Seed Catalogue, 4/-—Send at once the Standard Testing Order, 1 pt pint Smith's Early Peas, 1 pt Second Early Marrow Peas, 1 pt King of Marrow Peas, 1 pt pint Beans; 1 oz. of each: Smith's Model Onion, Peas, Turnips, Carrots, Radishes, etc., one packet each of the following: Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumbers, Tomato, 6 oz. of various Flower Seeds to blanch all Summer; plus Giant Sweet Peas, 1 pt My New "Potato," enormous cropper and keeper. All above-named Carriage Paid, 4d.—All seeds are accordance testing, 1918—G. F. Letts, Seed Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

10.6 NOTHING—SEND 4/-—YOUR POTATOES? FOR 10.6 NOTHING—SEND 4/-—YOUR POTATOES? FOR

Glad Peas, 1 pt Beans, 1 oz. Peas, 1 pt Carrot, 1 oz. Parsley, 1 pt Turnip, 1 Radish, and in each packet of the following—Cauliflower, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Lettuce, Beetroot, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumbers, Tomato, 6 oz. of various Flower Seeds to blanch all Summer; plus Giant Sweet Peas, 1 pt My New "Potato," enormous cropper and keeper. All above-named Carriage Paid, 4d.—All seeds are accordance testing, 1918—G. F. Letts, Seed Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

DRESS.

DRESS Skirts, pleated gabardine, 14s. 6d.; any size, any colour.—Hamley's, Bon-Bon, Portobello-road, London.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth sold bought—Messrs. Browning, dental manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st, London, W.1, the original makers of artificial teeth—any price; call and receive full value per return, or offer price; established 100 years.

OLD FASHIONED Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value—Old or often return. If not accepted goods returned immediately, post free. Platinum Scarf, £16 per oz.—Barbary and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, TEETH, oodments; cheques same day. Trial—Stanley Pearce, 133, Gray's Inn-rl, London.

UNWANTED—old clothes; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years.—Mrs. H. Walker, 106, Ethelred-rl, Kentington, London.

WANTED—Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); utmost value or offer.—Stanley Pearce, 133, Oxford-st., W.1.

WANTED—Ladies' Girdle's Cash—Cheques highest value or offer same day for trinkets and parcels Trial—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-rl, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

CIGARETTES! Cigarettes!!! Cigarettes!!! Cigarettes in packets of 10, 20, 25, etc., supplied immediately to the trade—also tobacco, pipes, tobacco pipes, cigarette cases, pipe pouches, cigarette cases, lighters, flints and sundries of kind; lowest prices; large stocks; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Free Lists now to largest dealer in tobacco—S. C. Johnson and Son, and Groves (Dept. 21), 19, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

FAHIAN'S ERAND KHAYAM Cigarettes. Amber-perfumed; Cigarettes with a delicate fragrance; a blend of various charms. Vision and alluring sweetness of the romantic East—For sample box, call, post, F.A.P. or stamp or cheque for 5s. to S. C. Johnson and Son, 19, Bishopsgate, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURE for Dulsains has been discovered which is sure and certain in results: everybody's opportunity—Full particulars of Dr. Clifford, 13, Bredashill Hill, London, E.C. 4. If Miss Mary Dulsain, 13, Bredashill Hill, London, E.C. 4, is not one of the executors, the late Leonard Battersea, will communicate with D. Co., W. H. Smith and Sons, Fenchurch-street, it will be to her advantage.

LADY.—A girl of 18, 5 ft. 4 in., fair, good figure, good complexion, as companion to boy of same age. Widow of officer, or others of gentle birth, invited to communicate with Box 4,903, "Daily Mirror," 23, Bouvier-st., London, E.C.



Miss Evelyn Curzon, niece of Earl Howe, has been nursing for the last two years in a war hospital.
Mrs. Stuart Black, whose husband has served both in France and Egypt and been twice wounded.

STATE AND "TRADE"

Some Big Bills Coming—How an Actress Did Her Bit.

IT IS LIKE a breath from the distant past to find "State Purchase and Local Option" being discussed by responsible statesmen. "The liquor problem"—as people call it—may yet find its solution, for the report on the Government's control experiment at Carlisle encourages the advocates of the State purchase of all our hosteries and inns.

Trouble Coming.

This, of course, will give rise to the fiercest controversy. We shall have all the old arguments which have been laid aside since the days of Gladstone and Harcourt, taken down, dusted and used again.

Bolshevism To Be Fought.

Mr. Bonar Law says that all known Russian Bolsheviks in this country are to be deported. "But why wait till now?" said a prominent M.P., to me. "We have wasted two years dallying with Bolshevism and all Europe is in peril. Even Paris sees at last that Bolshevism must be destroyed at its source."

Sweet Reason.

While the Government will accept what they call "reasonable" amendments to the Transport Bill, they will accept nothing that will whittle down Sir Eric Geddes' powers with regard to railways, roads, docks, harbours, piers or electricity.

The Office-Seekers.

Fifteen thousand letters for members were delivered at the House of Commons one day this week. A good many of them were from people looking for jobs of £400 to £500.

Politics and Postage.

A well-known Labour M.P. told me that he had come to the conclusion that a member of this Parliament was nothing but a clerk. As he just finished a bulky correspondence his little growl was justifiable. "More postages than politics," is how he summed up the situation.

The Housing Bill.

Dr. Addison expects to introduce the Housing Bill about next Monday or Tuesday, unless emergency Labour legislation has to be passed. But that is not expected. As one Labour leader put it, he thinks "a way through will be found."

India in Reform.

India is getting a good deal of attention from our rulers. A committee has just been



Miss Margaret B. Lewis gained the O.B.E. for services to the Ministry of Labour, while joining Lady Wyndham at the Criterion.

set up to consider Indian reforms on the lines of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme.

An Under-Secretary.

Sir Edgar Jones is spoken of as likely to be the first Welsh Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Health. He formed, and for some time ran, the Priority Department of the Ministry of Munitions.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Terrett's Tip.

In an Underground train yesterday I was flung violently into the arms of Mr. Job Terrett, the Labour leader. As we were crushed together for half an hour I got a few tips about Labour affairs. Mr. Terrett prophesies no strikes, and thinks Mr. Thomas has solved his part of the problem very ably.

The Miners.

Mr. Terrett said that one of the miners' troubles has been the natural jealousy inspired in one group who have been doing badly of another group doing well. "Mining," he said, "if you strike a good seam, is not a bad life, and you can make money at it, but when you strike a bad seam and get plenty of coal-dust and dirt for your labour you are liable to get exasperated if you are human."

In "The House."

A packed audience, supporters of the Waifs and Strays movement, assembled in Mr. Lowther's house yesterday afternoon. So striking were the portraits of past Speakers, so fine the old oak paneling on the walls, that we had sat in silence for a quarter of an hour before we realised that the speakers had been mislaid.

Mistaken Speakers.

Eventually Mr. Pike Pease took the chair, and announced that they hoped to "collect" the Lord Chancellor and others later. Sir Donald Maclean, trying to look as if he were not late, came in as the speech ended.

A Sargent on War.

The Imperial War Museum is veiling the work done for the British War Memorials in profound mystery. Nothing will be allowed to leak out until the pictures are shown together next winter.

The sole exception is Mr. Sargent's great war picture, which will be the most striking feature of the forthcoming Royal Academy exhibition.

Royal Patronage.

I met Mr. Dudley Hardy a while ago. He told me that Queen Alexandra had bought his Royal Institute picture, "The Germans Have Left Belgium." This is not the first time that Queen has bought one of Mr. Hardy's pictures.

Jazz Band for Wedding Reception.

After the wedding of Major Vyvyan Kelsay, R.M.L.I., and Mrs. Scott, widow of Commander Walter Scott, R.N., at St. Stephen's, Gloucester-road, to-day, I hear there is to be a thé dansant at the De Vere Hotel, with a jazz band for the dancers.

Actress' New Role.

Miss Madge Titheradge, a great friend of the bride, will attend her as "dame d'honneur," and will wear white taffetas and carry red roses. Mrs. Scott's dress is a scheme of primrose and gold lace, and her two boys will walk with her in the bridal procession.

Bridal Silver.

The Primate of All Ireland was officiating at a beautiful wedding in St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Miss Bridget Guthrie married Colonel James. The bride wore sweeping robes of cloth of silver draped over silver lace, with a long court train, and was attended by a row of charming little ladies and maidens in silver and white Stuart dress.

Greeting the Bride.

First to greet the bride as a wife when she left the vestry was Princess Marie Louise. The next greeting came from her popular grandmother, Lady Constance Leslie, who took a pink flower from the bridal bouquet for luck.

Good Service.

From the War Office comes a long list of names of people who have rendered valuable services in connection with the war. I notice that Lord Ampthill appears in it, also the Master of Ruthven, Sir H. Broughton, Sir Wilfred Cross and Lord Crofton.

Promised and Labour.

Mr. Lloyd George expects to be back in London the end of next week. It is as certain as such things can be that he will attend the resumed Industrial Conference on April 4.

Shopping Weather.

All the shopping streets yesterday were full of women in smart clothes, lured out by the spring in the air. Even Queens were not immune, and Queen Marie of Rumania was shopping at Harrod's before going to the House of Commons.

A.B.C.

"All British Controlled," in big red letters, stares at one from a tobacco shop window in Fleet-street. The business, I found, is run by ex-soldiers, and two silver-badged men were very busy behind the counter.

The Notice.

Rambling in a suburban district yesterday I observed the following notice in a shop window: "Having given the Germans beans for the past four years, I am now about to open a fish and chip business."

The Fare.

Early workers yesterday were disconcerted to find extra pence demanded from them on the buses. Next month fares on the Tubes will be raised. Can it be on account of the larger numbers of passengers being carried?

The King's Interest in Sport.

All sportsmen will be delighted to hear that the King who takes the greatest interest in sport, has consented to give a cup to the winners of the Inter-Services Rugby tournament, which ends on April 12.

The Winners.

There is a very strong feeling that the Mother Country will prove the ultimate winners, although New Zealand have, up to now, accomplished all that has been asked of them.

A "Double."

I hear that Mrs. Peel greatly fancies the chance of Pooleby at Liverpool to-day. As the Marchioness of Queensberry won the Lincolnshire Handicap with Royal Bucks, a win for Mrs. Peel's horse would make a nice "double" for the sex to which I have not the honour to belong.

A Clerical Comic.

Harry Randall sends me up a good story from Brighton. A few weeks ago a clergyman was taking the air on the Western Pier. He noticed a young man passing and repassing him. The youth always smiled. Finally he said to the clergyman: "How do you do?" "Very well indeed," replied the clergyman. "Oh, I knew you at once," said the young man. "You are George Robey, and I saw you at the theatre last night."

Conducting.

I imagine Sir Thomas Beecham is by now convinced that he has "come into his own," so far as opera in London is concerned. Drury Lane Theatre is filled at every performance. That is proof that London appreciates well-produced and well-sung opera. I have seen many conductors, but for grace and vigour I think Sir Thomas in the chair is the finest figure of them all.

Prolonged Applause.

Now that I have recovered from the thrills of "Victory" at the Globe Theatre I may mention that the applause began half an hour before the curtain rose and continued until the end of the overture. This is explained by the fact that the stalls practically were filled with theatrical favourites. The Misses Lottie Venne, Marion Terry, Phyllis Broughton and others were acclaimed.

Free from 'Flu.'

I saw Miss Iris Hoey yesterday looking a little pale but very cheerful. She tells me that she has ceased to play in the 'flu drama, and will reappear in "The Man from Toronto" on Monday.

War Work.

One of the few actresses who kept steadily on with war work all through the great conflict was Miss Mabel Green, who helped in a war hospital. She also played for six evenings and two matines a week. So I think she may just as well have her picture here.

THE RAMBLER.

THE RATIONAL LIFE.

We are getting back.

When the Armistice was signed some of us thought all our troubles were over. The hateful restrictions and the petty interferences with our daily life would now cease, and we should be free once more. Tradesmen who treated us with haughty disdain and gave us C3 goods at A1 prices would mend their ways, and even the Taxi-Driver would grow polite.

Alas! we were wrong. None of these things happened as fast. The Fighting was over, but the War still held us fast. We were still like a people in chains controlled by a Will that was not our own.

To some of us it seemed that our captivity would never end—but at last there are clear signs that we are slowly on our way back to the Rational Life.



I had cheerful evidence of this only yesterday. Last night I took my wife to the Theatre, and when the show was over we had supper at the "Popular Cafe." It was an excellent supper—almost pre-war—and the price was but 3s. 6d. It was well served, in cheerful surroundings, and before the meal was over the four days' weariness seemed to slip away into nothingness and by as though they had never been.

Moreover, by indulging in this little supper we missed that awful rush for the "Tube," and travelled home a little later in comparative comfort.

We were at a table on the Balcony at the Popular Cafe in Piccadilly, and the buzz of conversation was going on all round us.

I crossed the road to the "Popular."

Do you remember the last time we were here, Mary?" My companion nodded and smiled. "Four Years," she said.

"It is as good now as it was then," I ventured.

"Better," she answered, "much better."

And I agreed with her.

Yes! beyond a doubt, we are getting back.

(Advt.)

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Miss Mabel Green.

NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

TIME'S CHANGES.

IT was impossible to avoid the meeting, had either Jake or Ursula wished to do so. The recognition was mutual, and Jake's heart seemed to leap at his threat as he met her eyes.

Was she going to speak—or would she pass on? He set his teeth and waited, bracing himself for anything. Then Ursula wavered, the colour flying treacherously to her face. How was it possible to pass him as if they were only strangers? She stopped and held out her hand.

"How do you do?" Her voice was casual enough. An onlooker would not have been conscious of any particular emotion in either of their faces, but Ursula felt as if she were in a dream, and as if every word she spoke were being forced from her by some independent power.

"You've come back to town again, then?"

What a ridiculous thing to say, she thought helplessly, and she rushed on: "Have you had a good time away? It seems ever so long since I saw you." Then she could have bitten her tongue through her thoughtlessness. What did he care how long it seemed, or how much she had?

She went silent, not giving him time to answer. "Aunt Millie died. Did you know it?"

He found his voice then. "I saw it in the papers. I am sorry." Stupid, banal words; but for the life of him he could think of no others.

There was an awkward silence.

"I have started work in earnest now, you know," Ursula said, and he answered: "Yes, so I heard," adding hurriedly: "Spicer told me."

There must be an impassable gulf between them of which both were conscious, and which neither could bridge, and yet both their hearts were sick with longing, and the tears were not far from Ursula's eyes.

She looked away from him down the street. "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?" she said, with the desperate feeling that she must say something.

"It's nice to see the sun again," Jake said with a weary smile. "I'm going to get a job."

He was not looking at her, nor he would have seen the sudden change in her face. Its soft prettiness seemed to clutch up as if with some unbearable pair, but the next moment she had recovered herself and was smiling.

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Ursula raised her eyes suddenly. "What are you going to do with the dog?" she asked.

Jake finished. "Mrs. Spicer will take him for me. Why?"

"Nothing. I only wondered." She would have given a great deal to have had the dog herself. It would have seemed some small link with her past happiness.

"Will you miss him," she said, and Jake answered, rather grimly, "I shall—but that is not the worst of my troubles."

She did not try to understand what he meant. She was too busy, how soon she could say "Good-bye" and move away, but her feet felt chained to the ground.

Perhaps Jake guessed her thoughts, for he said, abruptly: "I must not keep you. I am glad we met. I should have been sorry to have had no opportunity to say good-bye to you."

"Yes." She forced her lips to smile, but despair was choking her.

She would never see him again, and it was so natural for her to feel compelled to say good-bye, in the public street, with just a cool hand-clasp and no word of regret.

"I hope you will have the best of luck always," Jake said. He held her hand for a moment, then let it go. "I dare say I shall hear of you sometimes—through the Spicers."

"Yes," said Ursula. There was a little moment of silence, then Jake was walking on down the street.

The other part was over, anyway, he thought dully. After this nothing else would matter. When he had gone a few steps he looked back over his shoulder. Ursula had reached the end of the road, and had paused to look back at him. It was only for a moment, then they each went hurriedly on their way.

"It's just as well," Jake told himself fiercely. "People don't care. It would have been worse if I'd gone."

He tried to believe that it would, but it was a consolation that failed. If she had been going with him on this voyage he knew that he would have been the happiest man in the world.

"I met Miss Lorrimier this morning," he told Ursula when he looked in at the flat that evening.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

He spent more time with the Spicers now than he did at his own rooms. He was carefully studying the pages of a magazine, and did not look up as he spoke, but he was painfully conscious of the little silence before she answered him, and wondered what were her thoughts.

"Did you, Jake? I haven't seen her lately.

"How did she look?"

"Oh, the same as usual, I think."

"She did not say anything about coming to see me?"

"No."

Elsa hesitated; then she said: "I think I shall ask her to dinner one night before you go."

Jake looked up sharply. "Please, don't—not on my account. Besides—I don't think she would come if she knew I was here."

She made such a hard, bitter expression in his voice that Elsa knew her husband's intentions that she was not to speak of Ursula to him, and she got up and went across to where he sat, laying a kind hand on his arm.

"Jake, what has happened? You used to be such friends."

URSULA DINES OUT.

FOR a moment he did not answer, but she felt him move restlessly beneath her touch.

"Don't think I want to interfere with what is not my business," she went on earnestly. "But I am so fond of you both, that if there is any little misunderstanding that might be put right . . ."

Jake laughed. He put up his hand, drew her down, and kissed it lightly.

"Don't worry your head about me, my dear," he said. "I'm not a figure for pity, and—"

He found his voice then. "I saw it in the papers. I am sorry." Stupid, banal words; but for the life of him he could think of no others.

There was an awkward silence.

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"Really! It's all decided, then. How delightful!"

"Yes," said Jake, dryly. "And shall you be away—long?" She felt that she must know, even though she dreaded what his answer would be.

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Hopes Women Will
Adopt This Habit
As Well as Men

Glass of hot water each morn-
ing helps us to look and
feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vibrant and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realise the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "run-downs," "brain fags" and pessimists, we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, every morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and intestines the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to such headache, biliousness, bad breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are weak, will find it necessary to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the chemist, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practise internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores of the bowels do.

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water.

2d Soups

NICKEL

SILVER WATCHES

Delivered on First Payment of Only. You have
2/- Watch whilst paying for it,

Gent's full size Railway time-keeping Keyless Lever Watch, Nickel-finish, with Oxidized Damp and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid Time-keeping. Price for Lever Watch or wrist 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark), 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist 2/- extra.

We will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-, and you can pay the balance in weekly instalments, send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the remaining 11/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. 5 years warranty given with every watch.

To avoid disappointment send 2d and 6d extra for postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

THE LEVER WATCH CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 25,
42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.)

FOR

COUGHS.

Oxbridge's
Lung Tonic

FOR

COLDS.

MIXED HOCKEY TEAM BEATS GIRLS.



Team composed of nurses and wounded officers, who defeated the Southlands High School for Girls by 4 goals to 1 at Exmouth.



Captain Hemphill. Lord Hemphill.



PEER'S DEATH.—Lord Hemphill, who has died, is succeeded by his brother, Captain the Hon. Fitzroy Hemphill.



A NEW YORK CREATION.—This frock is of shell pink charmeuse combined with georgette crepe and honeycomb flouncing. It hangs quite loosely.



WOMAN CHAMPION.—Lady Sirachey, president of the Billiards Circle at the Lyceum Club, presenting the championship cup to Mrs. Eddowes. Miss Saunders, runner up, was present.



RUGBY IN DEVONSHIRE.—Exmouth was much too good for Exeter City, and won by 24 points to 3. The match aroused great interest locally.

ARDING & HOBBS

A Three Guineas

ALL WOOL

SPORTS COAT

FOR

49/11

Postage 6d.

The extraordinary value of these Coats can only be adequately realised by personal inspection. They are made in the FINEST BRITISH YARN, with long roll collar and patch pockets, as illustrated, and equal in worth many of our regular models that we sell at 3 Guineas. We can offer our present stock only at this bargain price and early selection is necessary to avoid disappointment.

IT CAN BE OBTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING COLOURS, NAVY, Champagne, Rose, Emerald, Art Pink, May, Cherry, Grey and Purple.

EVERY COAT is guaranteed to give full satisfaction and the money is cheerfully refunded.

For the benefit of customers living at a distance we have made special arrangements for dealing with Post Orders. To avoid delay please state colour and enclose full remittance.

POST YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.
ARDING & HOBBS LTD.,
Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11.

The Craze of London

CINEMA ACTING.

The only industry where there is not industrial unrest and where there are good wages.

Whatever your present position you may be required in the coming boom of British Films.

To test your capabilities will take very little time, but your face, whatever its appearance, may prove your fortune.

Write for particulars to the B.S.C.A.
34-35, Norfolk Street, Strand.

FOR

COUGHS.

Oxbridge's
Lung Tonic

FOR

COLDS.

HOW HOTEL STAFFS WILL BE TRAINED.

Three Hours' School a Day
for "Cook Boys."

GIRLS TO BE TAUGHT ALSO

The scheme for training English hotel staffs, to which reference has been made recently in *The Daily Mirror*, proceeds apace.

It is now possible to give further details.

It is suggested that boys should be trained as cooks and waiters, being given a part-time training in hotels and restaurants and part time at a technical institute like that conducted by the London County Council:

Waiter-boys are to have about 2½ hours a day at school, and cook boys about three hours a day.

During the period of training, which it is hoped will last about three years, the boys will be paid a small wage. For pupil waiters 10s. to 15s. a week is suggested, with perhaps an annual increase of 5s. for every year after the first.

It is hoped to formulate a scheme of apprenticeship, in which a boy will bind himself to his employer for three years.

It should be borne in mind that the catering business offers salaries equal to those of Cabinet Ministers—£2,000 is by no means uncommon, and higher figures are reached by exceptional men.

GIRL IN CAP AND GOWN.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* asked Mr. Vaughan, one of the few successful English hotel managers and managing director of many hotel companies, to state his views on these proposals.

"I am heartily in accord with them," said Mr. Vaughan. "We must train our own cooks. France wants her men, and Frenchmen are already returning to their native country, where higher wages are now offered."

London hotel managers welcome the scheme," continued Mr. Vaughan. "And personally I should like to see it extended."

In Brighton I persued the Education Committee to start afternoon classes, and in Bath they are about to do the same thing."

"By the way," added Mr. Vaughan, "the suggestions apply to girls also, for managers have revised their terms of service, waitresses, and regard her as quite competent for all, except some exceptional classes of business."

The prejudice against the girl in cap and apron has broken down completely."

NEWS ITEMS.

An Investiture was held by the King yesterday, when many awards for gallantry were presented.

Tank for Chelmsford—Chelmsford has accepted the offer of a tank from the National War Savings Committee.

Nursed by Florence Nightingale, Mr. George Dalling, eighty-four, a Crimean veteran, was buried yesterday at North Hayling.

Thames Mystery.—The body of the decapitated three-year-old boy found in the Thames at North Fulham on Tuesday still remains unidentified.

'NO RETURNS' ORDER ENDING

On and after Monday next all restrictions on the sale of newspapers on the customary terms of "safe or return" will be removed.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADEPHI.—"THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. Tonight, at 8. Mats, Weds and Sat. at 2. 2½ hrs. £1.50. Mat. Tues. Fri. Sun. 2½ hrs. £1.50.

AMASIAH.—"WHAT'S NEW" and show "D.S." EASY. £2.0. Mats. Tues. Fri. Sun. 2½ hrs. £2.

APOLLO. Gerr. 3,243. Every Evening, at 8. Mats, Tues. and Sat. at 2. 2½ hrs. £1.50. New Musical Play.

BEECHAM OPERA SEASON. Ortry. Lanc. 2,800. 8.30. Madame Butterfly." Sat. Mat. 2, "Tannhauser."

COMEDY.—Evenings, at 8.15. "TALES UP." A Musical Revue.

MARSHAL.—Mats. Mon. Tues. Weds. 2.15. Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

COURT.—Nightly. 7.45. Mats. Weds. 2.15. Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

GRIMES.—Mats. Tues. Weds. 2.15. Mats. Sat. 2.15.

GREEN.—Mats. Tues. Weds. 2.15. Mats. Sat. 2.15.

GRIMES.—Tomorrow (Sat), at 2.30. (Last 2 Days.)

DALYS.—"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Tues. 8. Mats. Tues. Weds. 2.15. Thurs. 2.15.

DUKE OF YORKS.—Eyes. 8. "THE MAN FROM TORONTO." George Tully. Eric Lewis. Mats. Tu. Th. Sat. 2.30.

GARNIER.—Every evening, at 8.15. C. B. Davis presents Robert Loraine as Cyrano de Bergerac.

GLOBE.—Marie Lehr. To-night, at 8. "VICTORY" by B. F. Keith.

MARKET.—Evenings.

A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed. Th. Sat. at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—(3rd Floor) CHIN CHIN CHOW.

Mat. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 2.15.

KINGSWAY.—Musical Comedy.

"SOLDIER BOY!" Eyes. 8.15. Mats. Tues. Weds. 2.15.

LOWELL.—Pavilion—C. L. Lowell. "YOU WERE!" Eyes. 8.20. Mat. and Sat. 2.30.

LYCEUM.—Every evening, at 8. "THE FEMALE HUN."

LYRIC.—HAMMERSMITH.—B. Mats. Th. S. and Wed. next 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by John Drinkwater.

MASKERAD.—THEATRE.—"MYSTERY" 8 and a half. Programme 10s. Mat. Thurs. 2.15.

NEW.—Nightly 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Lorraine. 2.15. Mats. Tues. Weds. 2.15. Thurs. 2.30.

OXFORD.—Eyes. 8.30. Mat. In THE NIGHT WHICH Made Titheradge. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

PALACE.—"THE KING'S HIGH-FLYING WIFE." Charles Hawtrey, Gladys Cooper. Mats. Mat. 2.15.

PRINCES.—At 8. "THE OFFICERS' MESS." A Musical Farce. Mats. Wed. Fri. Sat. at 2.30.

LIVED IN HORSE-BOX.

How Famous Pianist Was Treated
While Interned in Berlin.

LIBEL SUIT REVELATIONS.

Mr. Frederic Lamond, the famous pianist, was plaintiff in a libel action heard by Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench Division yesterday, defendants being Messrs. Hulton and Co., newspaper proprietors.

One paragraph complained of was headed: "Oliphi of Berlin is German," and it stated: "Lamond is a Scotchman by birth, and if he has been obliged to adopt German nationality, as report says, there is something mysterious about it."

Mr. Ellis Hume Hulme, K.C., said when the war began Mr. and Mrs. Lamond were in Switzerland. Mr. Lamond signed a petition to the German Government to be allowed to return to Berlin to get his belongings. A permit was given him as an alien enemy.

The police said he became a naturalized German, but he refused to sign the paper. He was offered a concert contract worth £2,500 if he would sign, but he again refused.

He had to report himself as an alien every day, and was not allowed to play or teach. He was constantly sending petitions to be allowed as a Scotchman to return home.

In November, 1914, he was arrested and thrown into a cell with a number of other Englishmen. They were treated like cattle. Later he was interned at Ruhleben, where he lived with four others in a horse-box.

He remained in Germany until April 13, 1917, when, under the exchange of prisoners' arrangement, he left Germany for The Hague.

Mr. Lamond, giving evidence, denied a suggestion that in a cell at Ruhleben he expressed anti-British views, or that he was released by the command of the Crown Prince.

Opening the defence, Mr. Hastings said that the defendants had handsomely apologised for the error in saying that the plaintiff had been obliged to become a German. The apology came to the notice of the prisoners in Ruhleben, and the defendants took up the attitude later that if plaintiff wanted money after such an apology they must see what the real position was.

Mr. F. J. Stafford, a theatrical manager, said that when the war was over he was in Berlin. During the war he took refuge in the police cell, witness said plaintiff spoke in German, and he alleged that the English were responsible for the arrests on account of the treatment of Germans in England. Witness got very angry and took off his coat.

The hearing was adjourned.

LONDON COAL SHORTAGE.

"Living Up to the Last Ounce" for Months Past.

The question: "Why is London short of coal?" was put to prominent coal merchants yesterday by a Press representative, and in each case the reply was to the same effect.

Under the Government's scheme of distribution two-fifths of the house coal supplied to London comes from Nottingham.

During the last few days there has been a strike of miners there, and the result is something approaching a coal famine in London.

Owing to the small output of coal in the country London for months past has been living up to the last ounce.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, JUNIOR.

NEW YORK, Wednesday
Some of the citizens of Seattle (Washington) have telephoned to Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, jun., urging him to declare his candidacy for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

In reply, Mr. Roosevelt, without other comment, said: "I have just returned from France and been discharged from the Army." — Exchange.

At the age of 101 the death is announced of Mrs. Catherine Grey, or Terry, of Stonehaven.

QUEEN'S.—"THE HOUSE OF PERIL." OWEN NABES. Eyes. 8.15. Mats. and Sats. 2.50.

ROYAL.—"LITTLE WHISPERS" 2.30. W. H. WILEY. by Edmund Maughan. Pay Compton, C. A. Smith. Mat. S. TH. JAMES."—Gertrude Elliott in "EYES ON YOUTH." Evenings. 8.15. MATHEWS. 2.30.

SATURDAY.—Evenings at 9. "SLEEPING PARTNERS." SEYMOUR HICKES. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

SATURDAYS.—Gilbert Miller. Evenings. 8.15. MATHEWS. Tues. Evenings 8.15. Mats. Weds. Sat. 2.30.

SCALDA.—MATHEWS LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." Eyes. 8.15. MATHEWS. Thurs. 2.30. Last Weeks.

SCANDAL.—YESTERDAY. 2nd Year. 2.30.

SHAW.—"THE SUBDUED." 2nd Year. 2.30. Eyes. 8.15. MATHEWS. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

STRAND.—ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Mat. Tues. 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE.—A. 315. Nelson Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ" Revue. Margaret Hammerer. Mats. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

WEIRD.—"THE WEIRD." 2nd Year. 2.30. Eyes. 8.15. MATHEWS. Tues. Weds. 2.30.

WINDHAM.—"VIVIANA." 2nd Year. 2.30. Eyes. 8.15. MATHEWS. Tues. Weds. 2.30.

ALHAMBRA.—Eyes. 8. Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.15. Bing. Box.

ROYAL.—"VIVIANA." 2nd Year. 2.30. Eyes. 8.15. MATHEWS.

HIPPIEDOME.—"THE LADY'S MAN." 2.30. Eyes. 8.15. MAX DAREWSKI. GEORGE ROBEY. 2nd Year.

SHAW.—"KELLOGG." GEORGE ROBEY. 2nd Year.

PALACE.—Eyes. 8. Mon. and Sat. at 2. "HULLO."

REGENT.—Eyes. 8.15. Maxine Maude. Bill Bryson.

PARADE.—"LITTLE LADY." 2.30. Eyes. 8.15. MAX DAREWSKI. ETHEL LEVY. MORSE DUPREZ.

PHILHARMONIC.—"THE PHILHARMONIC." 2.30. Eyes. 8.15.

ASTOR.—"THE ASTOR." 2.30. Eyes. 8.15.

NEW.—Nightly 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Lorraine. 2.30.

MANCHESTER.—"THE MANCHESTER." 2.30. Eyes. 8.15.

LYCEUM.—Every evening, at 8. "THE FEMALE HUN."

LYRIC.—HAMMERSMITH.—B. Mats. Th. S. and Wed. next 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by John Drinkwater.

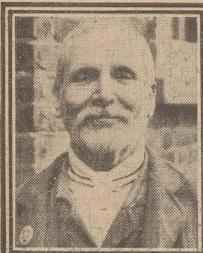
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Daily Mirror

Friday, March 28, 1919.

TWO NEWS PORTRAITS.



Harry East.—Formerly a pioneer in a Lancashire battery of the R.F.A. in France, who is now an inmate of Watford Workhouse. He writes that his pension has been stopped and that he suffers from debility.



Miss Betty Orde-Powlett, daughter of Col. Orde-Powlett, of Southsea; who, voluntarily, and without a break, drove an ambulance, without mishap, throughout the war. She drove 40,000 wounded.

DUNDALK RACES—A FAMOUS ULSTER MEETING.



Taking an obstacle in one of the events. There was a very close finish to this race.



TAKING CARE OF THE LAMBS.—A snapshot taken on a Surrey farm. They need every attention during the cold weather, and are housed in straw huts.

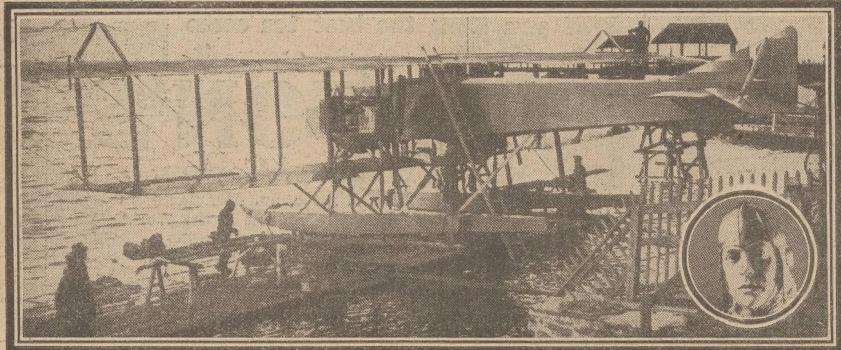


The last hurdle in the Seaside Plate.



Mist, winner of the Louth Plate.

The meeting was very largely attended, and was one of the most successful yet held.



BAD LUCK FOR AN ATLANTIC FLIGHT COMPETITOR.—The great machine which Captain Sunstedt hoped to pilot across the Atlantic has been partially wrecked in America, and the accident may possibly prevent him competing for the prize. Captain Sunstedt is seen in the circle.



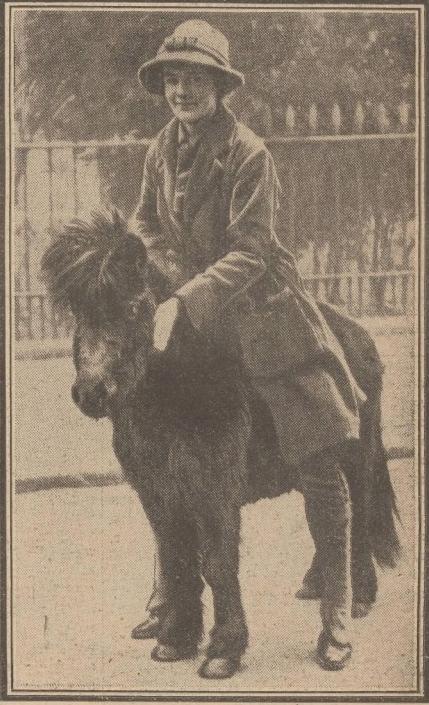
BEAUTY CONTEST.—Has a good record of service.



IN NURSE'S UNIFORM.—Appeared at concerts for wounded.



DISPATCH RIDER.—A member of Q.M.A.A.C.



A 2ft. TIN PONY.—Cecilie (Miss Margaret Trafford), the conjurer, with p't Shetland pony Rosalie. It is believed to be the smallest in the country.